

STARBLAZER

FANTASY FICTION IN PICTURES No. 198

26p



ALSO ON SALE THIS MONTH . . .



MAKE SURE
YOU DON'T MISS
STARBLAZER!
ORDER YOUR COPY
BY HANDING THIS
COUPON INTO YOUR
NEWSAGENT . . .

PLEASE RESERVE BOTH STARBLAZERS FOR ME.

NAME _____

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Please make sure this coupon is signed by a parent or guardian.
TO THE NEWSAGENT — Both STARBLAZERS are on sale the last TUESDAY of each month.

If you do not wish to cut up your STARBLAZER, copy out the
above coupon on a piece of paper and hand it to your newsagent.

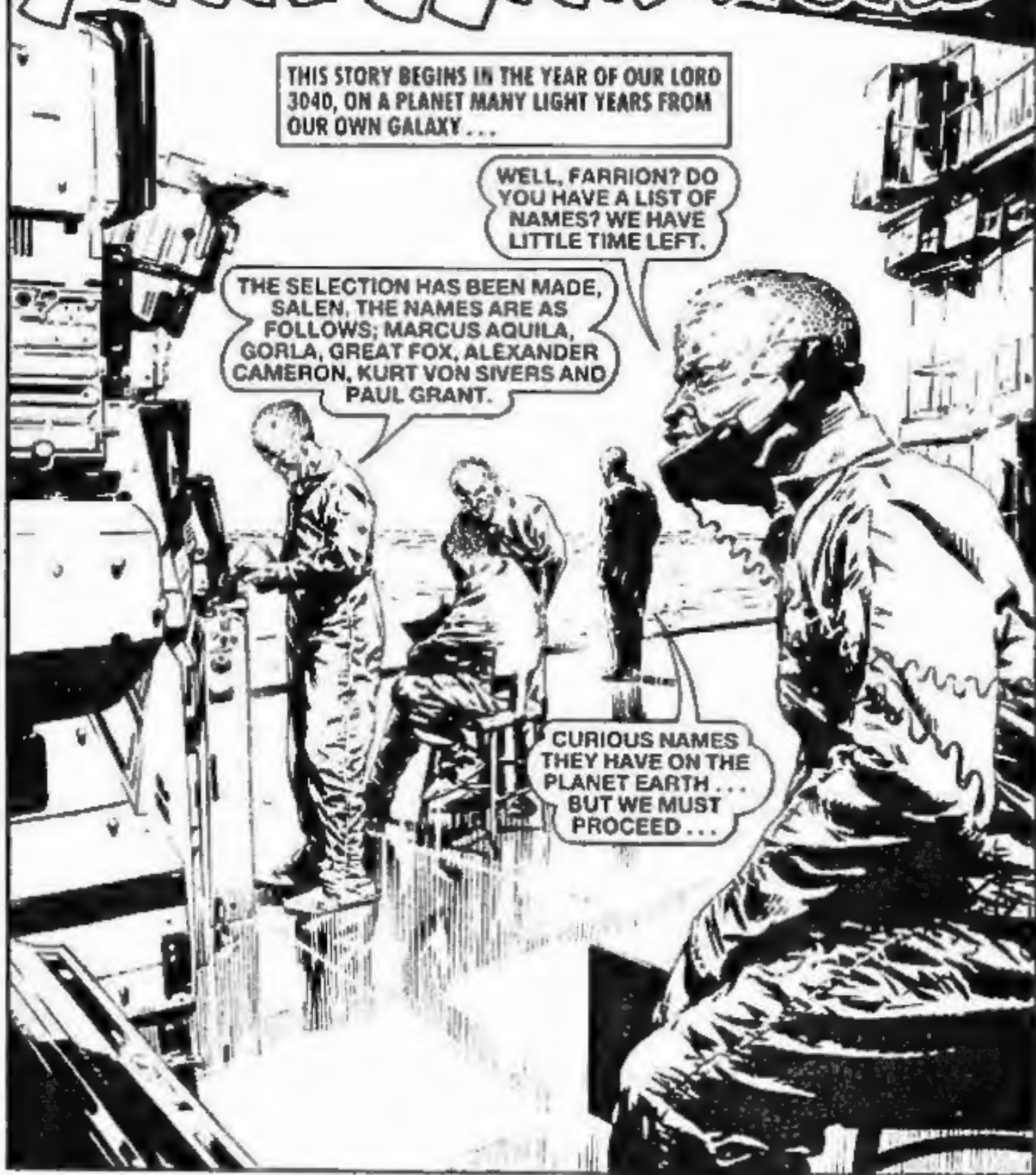
TIME WARRIORS

THIS STORY BEGINS IN THE YEAR OF OUR LORD 3040, ON A PLANET MANY LIGHT YEARS FROM OUR OWN GALAXY...

WELL, FARRION? DO YOU HAVE A LIST OF NAMES? WE HAVE LITTLE TIME LEFT.

THE SELECTION HAS BEEN MADE, SALEN. THE NAMES ARE AS FOLLOWS; MARCUS AQUILA, GORLA, GREAT FOX, ALEXANDER CAMERON, KURT VON SIVERS AND PAUL GRANT.

CURIOUS NAMES THEY HAVE ON THE PLANET EARTH... BUT WE MUST PROCEED...



AD 60, ROME, FAR, FAR AWAY—



MAYBE IT'S SIMPLER TO DIE!
EACH TIME I FIGHT THE ODDS
GET GREATER, BUT I WON'T DIE
EASILY — SOMETHING INSIDE
WON'T LET IT HAPPEN ...



YOU THINK MARCUS
AQUILA WILL DO IT?

HE IS FULL OF SURPRISES!
WHERE WAS HE FOUND?

IN PRISON! A REMARKABLE
SOLDIER, BUT UNABLE TO TAKE
ORDERS. THE PRISON THEY
THREW HIM INTO COULDN'T
HOLD HIM. HIS FIRST VISIT TO
THE ARENA WAS MEANT TO BE
HIS DEATH — NOW HE IS A
CHAMPION — BELOVED OF THE
CROWD ...





AS THE OTHER GIANT LEAPT AT HIS
CHANCE, AQUILA'S MIND RACED ...

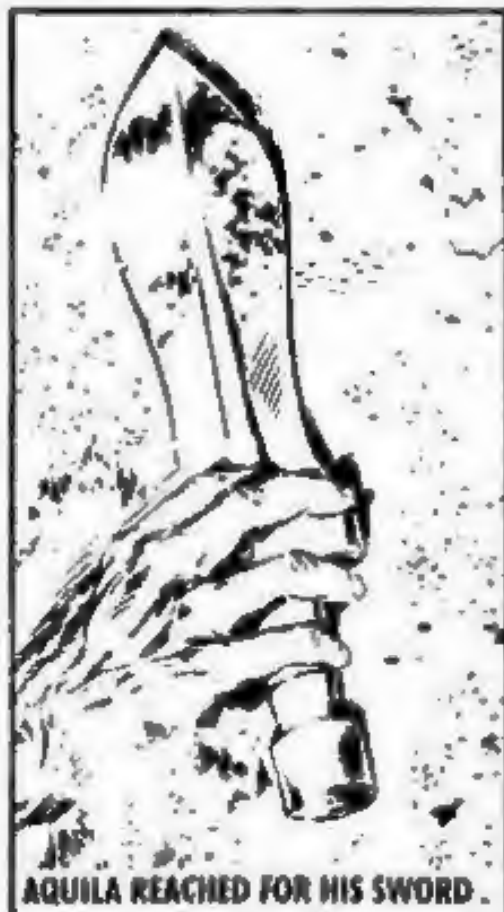


THE EBONY ONE WILL
SNAP MY LEG LIKE A
TWIG — BUT I'D
BETTER STOP THE
OTHER ONE FIRST.
THE SUN! IT'S IN
THE RIGHT
POSITION ...

AQUILA TURNED HIS POLISHED
SHIELD TO REFLECT THE SUN.



THAT GIVES ME JUST ENOUGH
TIME TO DEAL WITH THE LEG-
BREAKER!



AQUILA REACHED FOR HIS SWORD.

... AND THREW IT.



SWINGING ROUND HE KILLED HIS LAST OPPONENT.





HISTORY IS VAGUE ABOUT WHAT HAPPENED NEXT. SOME WRITERS OF THE PERIOD SAY IT WAS A TRICK OF LIGHT ON THAT BLAZING ROMAN AFTERNOON. OTHERS SAY IT WAS AN ACT OF THE GODS. WHATEVER, THE FACT WAS — AQUILA VANISHED!



THE YEAR AD 451 WHEN ATILA
THE HUN WAS ATTACKING GAUL...

IF I HAD A DOZEN MEN
LIKE GORLA I'D
CONQUER THE WORLD
IN HALF A YEAR! HE'S
AN ARMY ON HIS OWN!

GORLA IS GETTING FAR
TOO POPULAR WITH
ATTILA. I CAN SEE
MYSELF LOSING MY
PLACE AT ATILA'S
RIGHT HAND...

THAT NIGHT, AS USUAL, AFTER A SUCCESSFUL BATTLE—

I CHALLENGE THE
GREAT GORLA TO A
MATCHING OF
STRENGTH!

WHAT? YOU, MERGAN? YOU
ARE NO MATCH FOR HIM. BUT
— IF GORLA FEELS LIKE A
LITTLE RELAXATION...

WHAT'S THAT SNAKE MERGAN
UP TO, I WONDER?



MERGAN FLEXED HIS FINGERS AS IF PREPARING FOR THE MATCH, BUT —

ONE SCRATCH FROM MY POISONED RING, AND GORLA DIES. AS FAR AS ATTILA IS CONCERNED, THE GREAT GORLA'S HEART GAVE OUT IN A SIMPLE WRESTLING MATCH ...



BUT, AS MERGAN MOVED IN FOR THE KILL —

IN THE NAME OF —! WHA —?

WHAT DEVILISH MAGIC IS THIS? GORLA!



IN 1878, ■ WHAT IS NOW KNOWN AS OKLAHOMA, AGENT MILES CONFRONTED DULL KNIFE OF THE NOMADIC, NORTHERN CHEYENNE.

YOU CANNOT IMPRISON MY PEOPLE, WHITE MAN. WE GO HOME TO THE NORTH. THIS LAND IS NOT OUR LAND.

YOU WON'T MAKE IT, DULL KNIFE. YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT A THOUSAND MILES OR MORE. DON'T MAKE US FIGHT YOU.

BUT IT WAS ■ BLUFF. THE PROUD CHEYENNE SET OUT. 89 WARRIORS, 112 WOMEN AND 134 CHILDREN. AMONG THE WARRIORS WAS GREAT FOX.

EVEN THE PALE-FACE WOULD NOT ATTACK US, GREAT FOX. WE ARE SHORT OF FOOD, HORSES AND ARMS. WE ARE JUST GOING HOME!

YES... WE ARE GOING HOME. BUT THE WHITE MAN SAYS IT IS NO LONGER ■ HOME.

AS THE CHEYENNE CROSSED INTO KANSAS THEIR MARCH BECAME A SERIES OF RUNNING BATTLES WITH SOLDIERS, RANCHERS AND SETTLERS...

JUST WATCHING THE COURAGE OF GREAT FOX GIVES ME HOPE, LITTLE WOLF! HE HAS THE HEART AND STRENGTH OF A MOUNTAIN LION!

WHEN THE GROUP REACHED NEBRASKA, DULL KNIFE WANTED TO REST.

SHORTLY AFTER LITTLE WOLF HAD GONE, THE SOLDIERS APPEARED OUT OF A SNOWSTORM.

WE MUST MOVE ON, DULL KNIFE. THE SOLDIERS WILL RETURN. WE SHALL BE MASSACRED.

I'LL HOLD THEM OFF WITH A SMALL BAND OF BRAVES. TAKE THE REST OF THE ARMS — DISMANTLE THEM — LET THE WOMEN CONCEAL THE PARTS — WEAR SOME AS ORNAMENTS...

WE SHALL SPLIT UP. TAKE SOME WARRIORS AND WOMEN AND CHILDREN AND HEAD NORTH. I SHALL REMAIN WITH DULL KNIFE AND THE REST.

WHAT IS IT YOU PLAN, GREAT FOX?

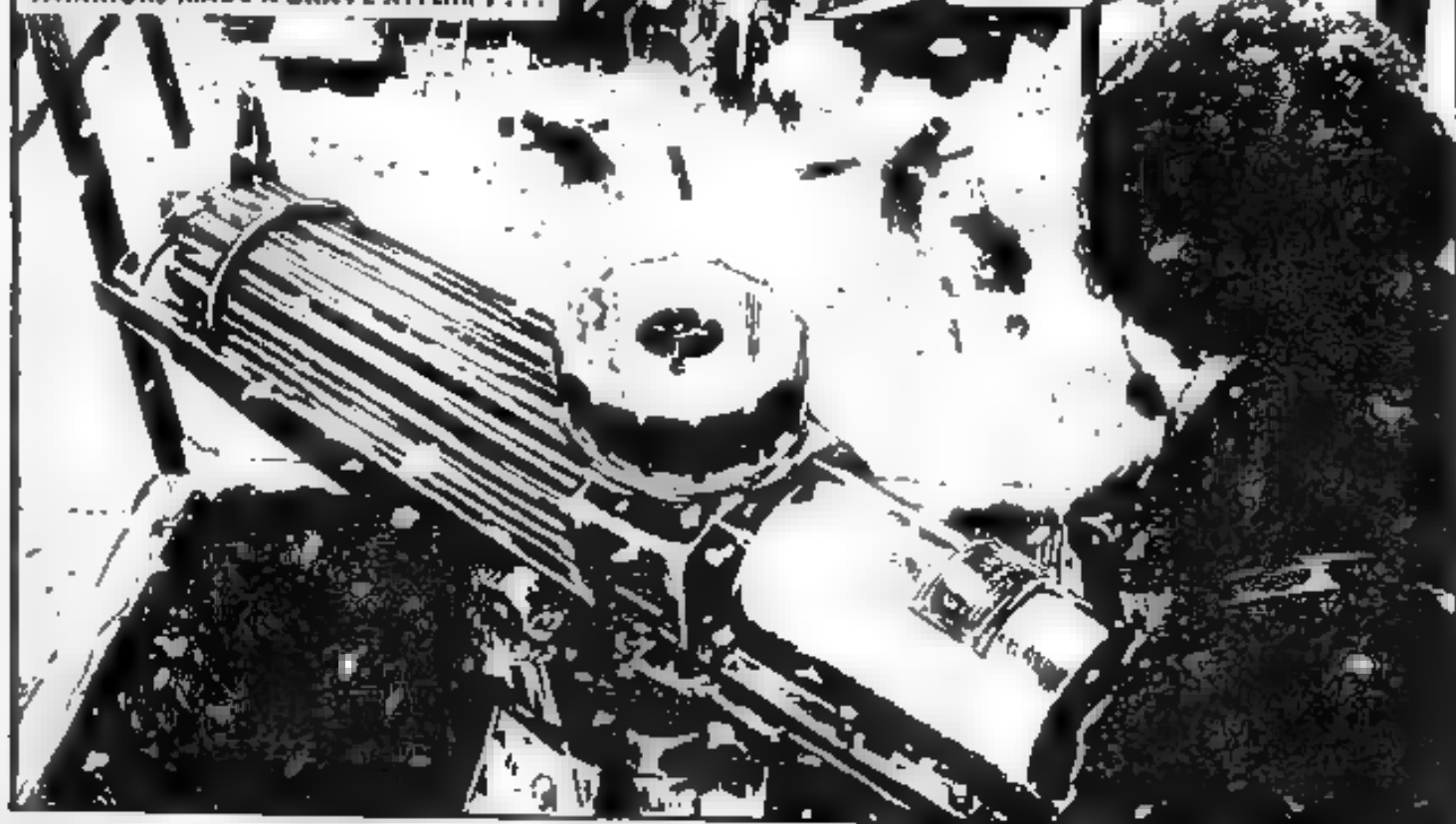
AS GREAT FOX HAD GUESSED, THEY WERE SOON OVERPOWERED AND TAKEN TO FORT ROBINSON WHERE THEY WERE IMPRISONED.

SIX DAYS THEY HAVE KEPT US HERE — FREEZING WITH NO FOOD! WE ARE TOO WEAK, GREAT FOX. WE CANNOT FIGHT.

WE MUST! IT IS FIGHT OR BE TAKEN BACK IN SHAME TO THAT MISERABLE RESERVATION IN THE SOUTH! REASSEMBLE THE RIFLES.

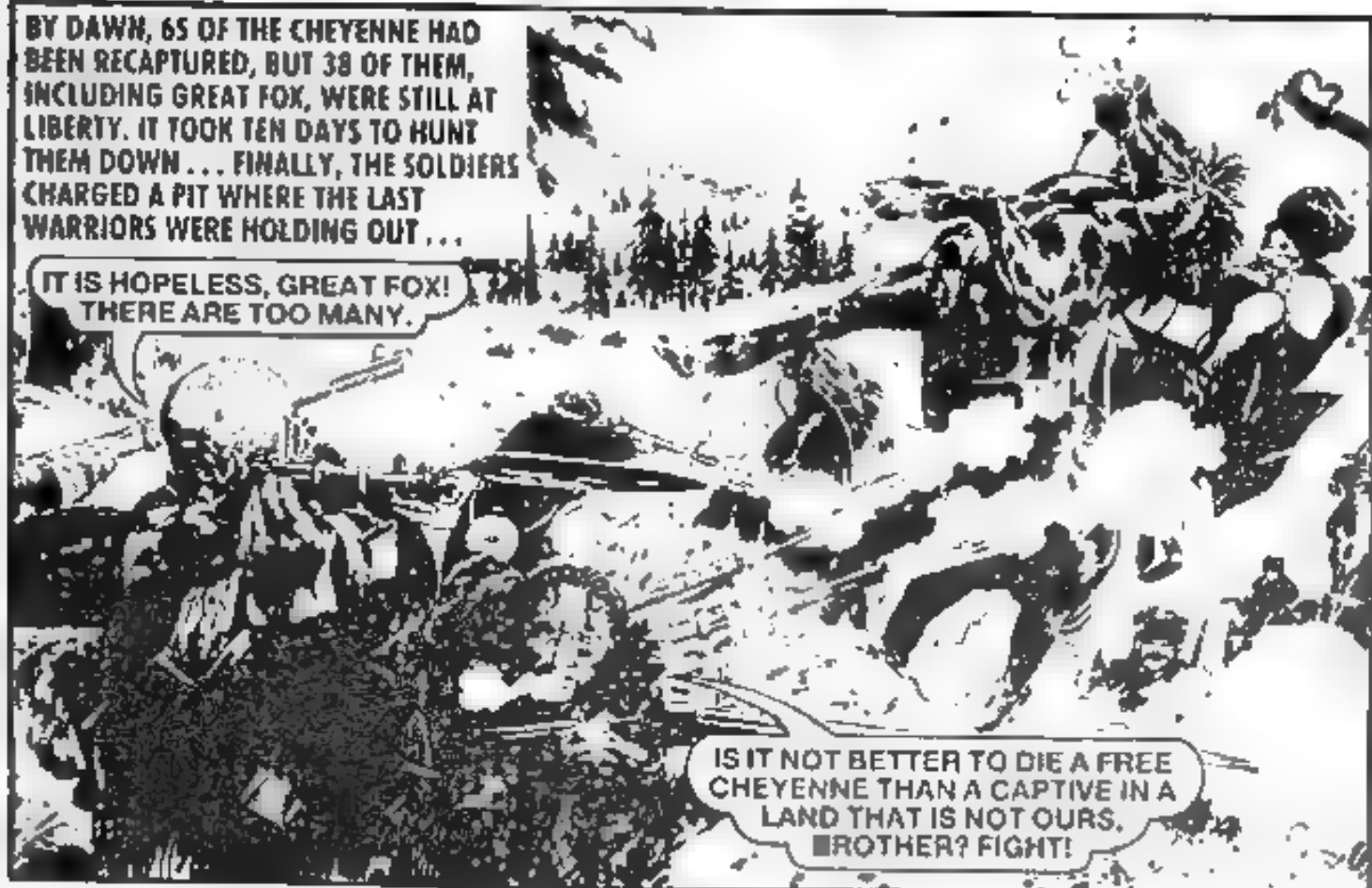
WEAKENED BY HUNGER, RESTRICTED BY
THE WOMEN AND CHILDREN, THE
WARRIORS MADE A BRAVE ATTEMPT ...

TAKE THEIR RIFLES AS THEY
FALL!



BY DAWN, 65 OF THE CHEYENNE HAD
BEEN RECAPTURED, BUT 38 OF THEM,
INCLUDING GREAT FOX, WERE STILL AT
LIBERTY. IT TOOK TEN DAYS TO HUNT
THEM DOWN ... FINALLY, THE SOLDIERS
CHARGED A PIT WHERE THE LAST
WARRIORS WERE HOLDING OUT ...

IT IS HOPELESS, GREAT FOX!
THERE ARE TOO MANY.



IS IT NOT BETTER TO DIE A FREE
CHEYENNE THAN A CAPTIVE IN A
LAND THAT IS NOT OURS,
BROTHER? FIGHT!

SOON, JUST THREE CHEYENNE BRAVES WERE LEFT. ■
THE SOLDIERS CHARGED AGAIN—

OUT, BROTHERS! OUR GUNS
ARE USELESS NOW! FACE
THEM!

YE GODS! LOOK AT THAT
ONE! HE'S AIMING TO TAKE
US ON ALONE!

BUT, AS GREAT FOX, ROARING HIS WAR CRY,
RACED AT THE ONCOMING SOLDIERS—

YI-EE...

WHAT'S HAPPENING
TO HIM?

THE FOURTH STRANGE OCCURRENCE WAS IN 1917,
SOUTHWEST OF LENS, NORTHERN FRANCE.



ALEX CAMERON DIVED HEADLONG
BENEATH THE LUMBERING MONSTER,
THEN—

JUST TIME ENOUGH TO
DROP THIS BETWEEN
THE TRACKS AND GET
OUT.



A LITTLE LATER—

AND THERE'S OUR NEXT HEADACHE! HOW DO WE DEAL WITH THAT MACHINE-GUN NEST. IT'S CUTTING OUR MEN TO PIECES!

THINK I'LL TAKE A LITTLE DIP, LADDIE . . . AND THE WATER CAN'T BE ANYWHERE NEAR AS COLD AS THE RIVERS IN THE HIGHLANDS . . .

MOMENTS LATER—

AS HE SURFACED, ONLY INCHES AWAY FROM THE NEST —

A LITTLE 'NEST'-EGG, JERRY!

MEIN GOTT!

BUT, AS CAMERON TURNED TO SWIM AWAY—



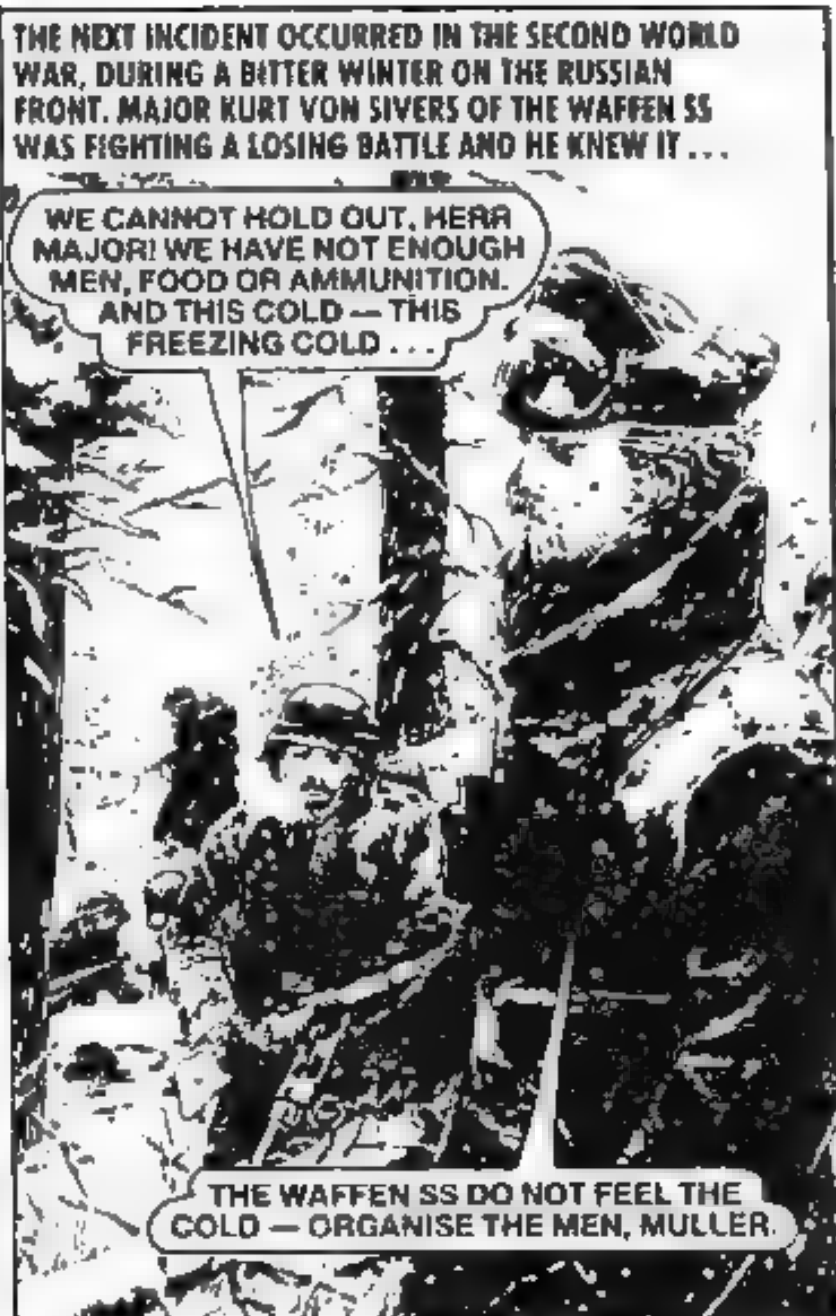
OH, NO!! — I CAN'T MOVE! I'LL GO UP WITH THE JERRIES — MY LEGS ARE CAUGHT.

THE NEXT INCIDENT OCCURRED IN THE SECOND WORLD WAR, DURING A BITTER WINTER ON THE RUSSIAN FRONT. MAJOR KURT VON SIVERS OF THE WAFFEN SS WAS FIGHTING A LOSING BATTLE AND HE KNEW IT ...

WE CANNOT HOLD OUT, HERR MAJOR! WE HAVE NOT ENOUGH MEN, FOOD OR AMMUNITION. AND THIS COLD — THIS FREEZING COLD ...

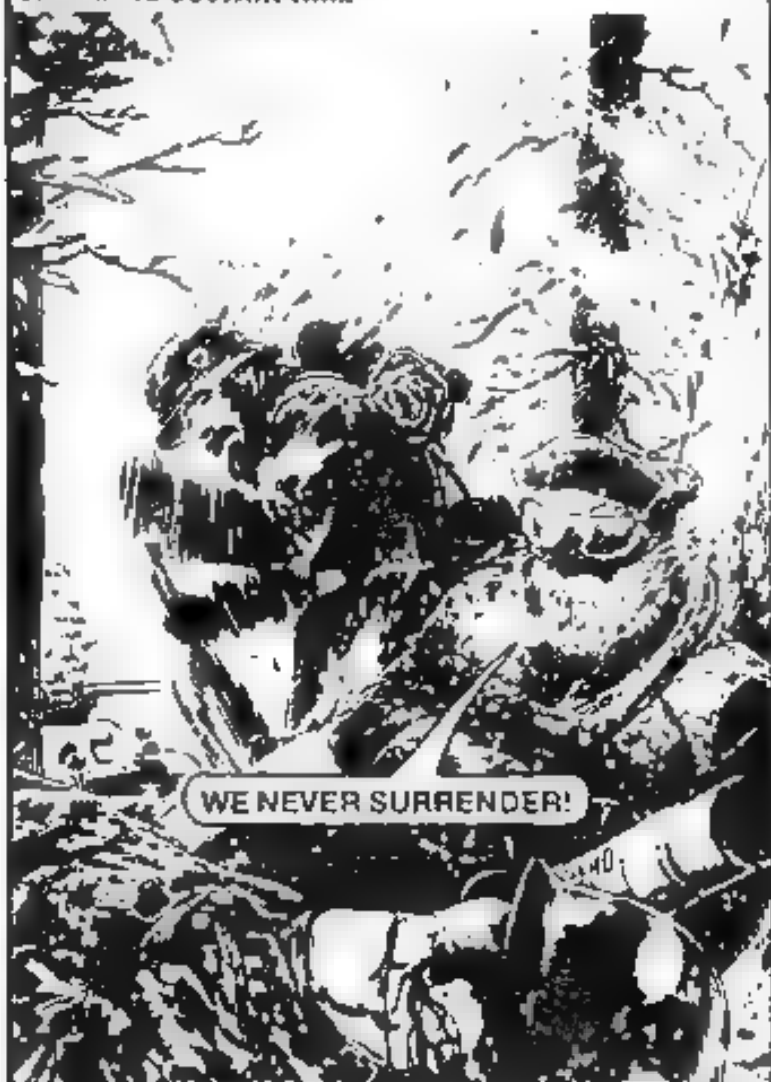


CAMERON'S DISAPPEARANCE HAPPENED UNDERWATER. HIS MATES ASSUMED HE HAD DIED IN THE DESTRUCTION OF THE MACHINE-GUN NEST ...



THE WAFFEN SS DO NOT FEEL THE COLD — ORGANISE THE MEN, MULLER.

THE MEN WERE BLASTED, ■ FROZE TO DEATH, BUT VON SIVERS' UNFADING BELIEF IN THE NAZI CAUSE SEEMED TO SUSTAIN HIM.





THE SIXTH EVENT HAPPENED IN
'PEACETIME'. 1987, AND A GROUP OF
SELF-STYLED FREEDOM FIGHTERS HAD
OCCUPIED THE EMBASSY IN THE WEST
END OF LONDON ...



SOON—

THE REST OF THE MEN ARE
IN POSITION, MR GRANT.

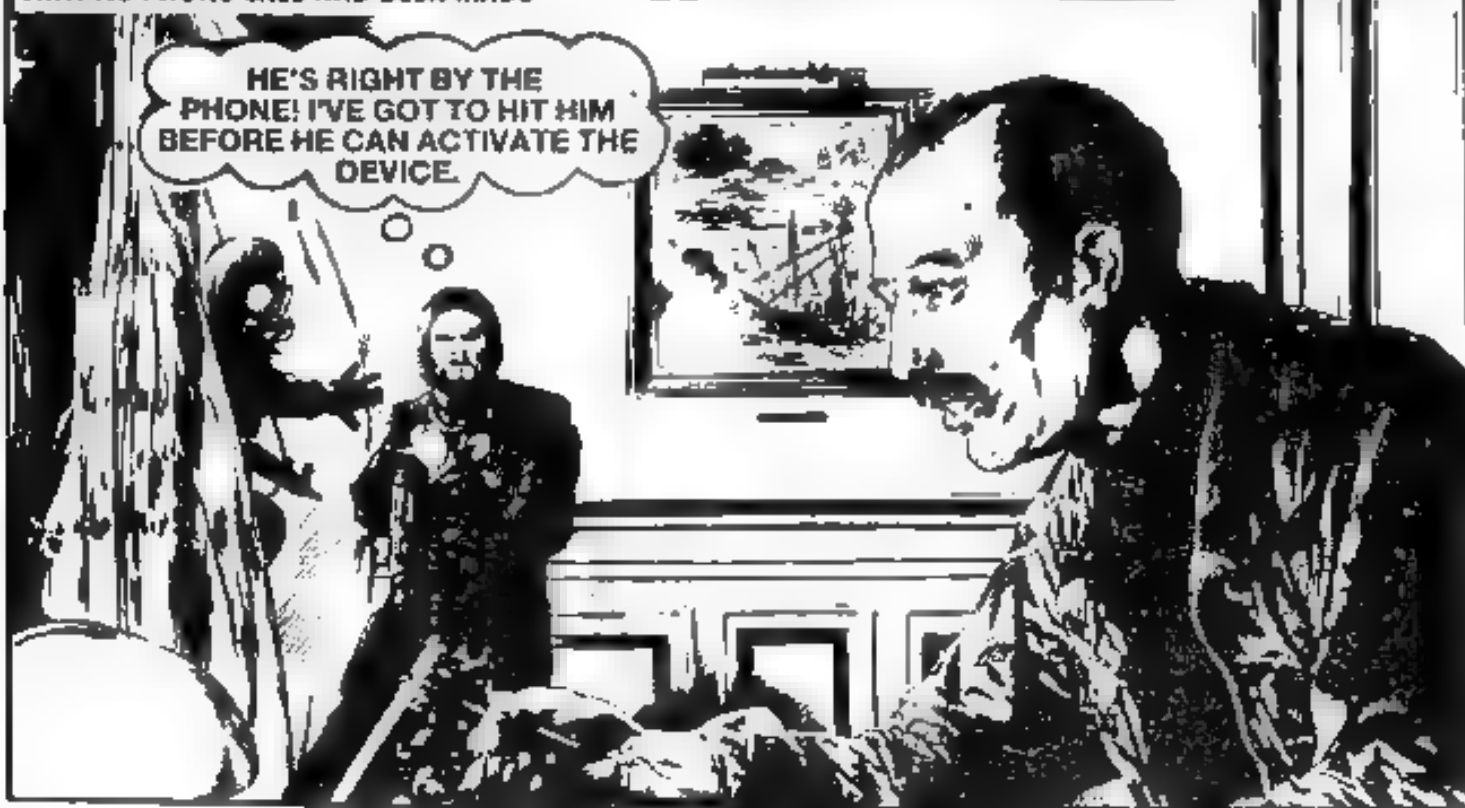


BUT, ONLY SECONDS BEFORE
GRANT AND HIS MATE PREPARED
TO MAKE THEIR MOVE, A BURST OF
FIRE CAME FROM THE TERRORISTS.
IT WAS ANSWERED, AND ...



GRANT WAS THE FIRST SAS MAN IN, UNAWARE
THAT NO PHONE CALL HAD BEEN MADE —

HE'S RIGHT BY THE
PHONE! I'VE GOT TO HIT HIM
BEFORE HE CAN ACTIVATE THE
DEVICE.

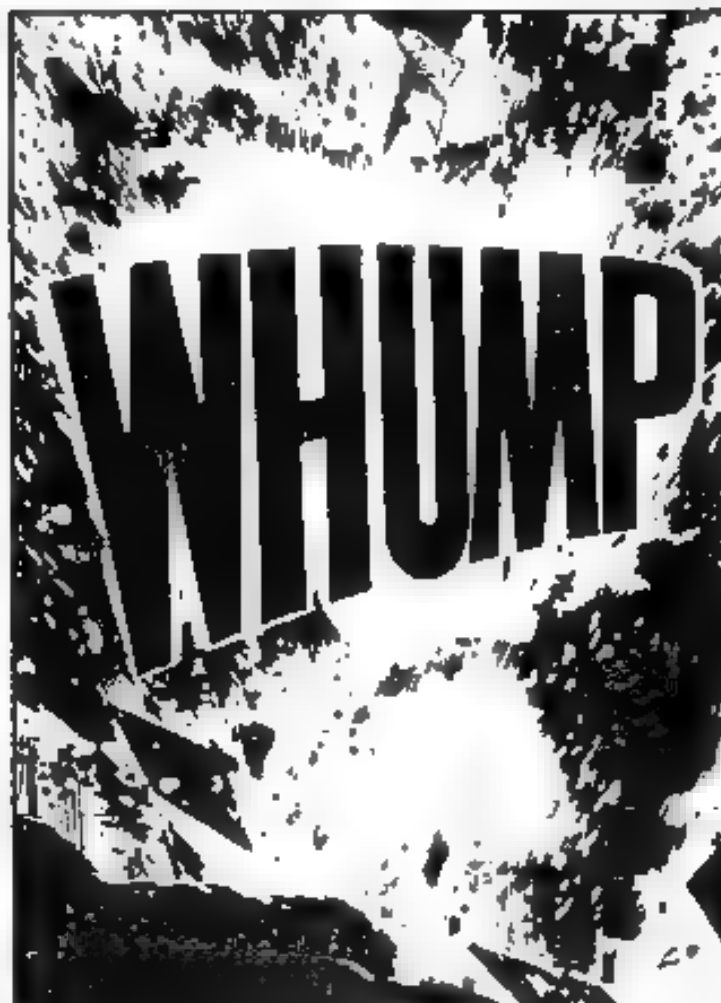


GRANT'S FIRST BLAST THREW THE MAN AGAINST THE WALL.



GRANT ROLLED ON ONE SIDE —





GROGGY, BUT ALIVE, GRANT REPORTED IN —

ALL CLEAR! YOU CAN WINKLE
OUT THE REST OF 'EM. LOOKS
LIKE JACKSON'S BOUGHT ONE,
AND — AND —

GRANT! WHAT'S WRONG? ARE
YOU OKAY? GRANT!!

BUT GRANT DIDN'T ANSWER . . . LIKE THE FIVE OTHERS AT VARIOUS DISTANT POINTS IN HISTORY, HE
ENTERED A STRANGE LIMBO ZONE AT THE SAME INSTANT IN THE YEAR 3040.

THE SIX DRIFTED, AND FELL —



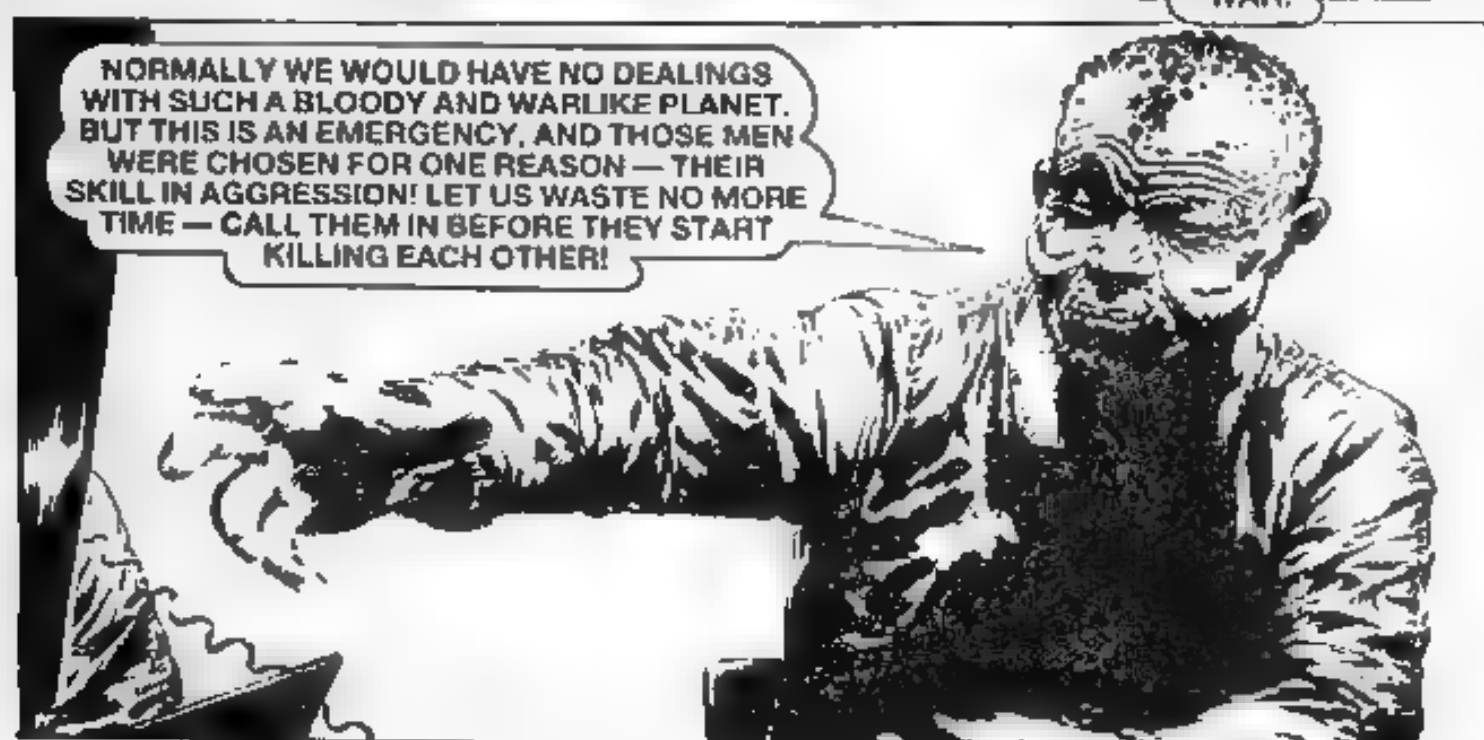
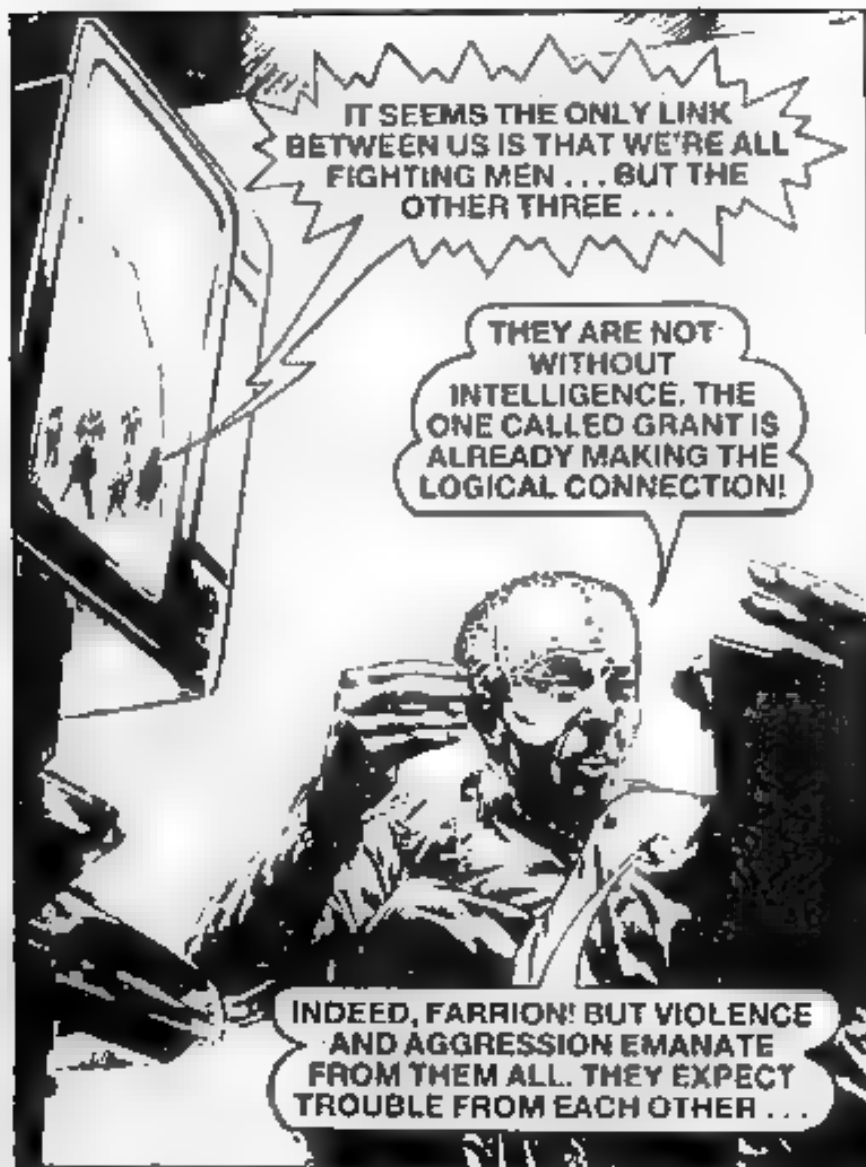
WAS IT SECONDS LATER, OR AN ETERNITY?
THE BEWILDERED MEN DIDN'T KNOW —

HOLD IT! NOBODY MOVE —
ONE MOVE AND I FIRE.

YOU'LL NOT BE
UNDERSTOOD, JIMMY
— NOT UNLESS YOU
SPEAK MORE THAN
ONE LANGUAGE. WE'VE
SOME STRANGE
COMPANY!

THIS ■ LIKE SOME CRAZY
FANCY-DRESS PARTY!

MY LAST MEMORY
IS OF RUNNING
STRAIGHT AT A
BUNCH OF
RUSSIANS.



THE ALIEN TECHNICIAN MOVED TO THE HUGE CONSOLE AND MOMENTS LATER THE BEWILDERED WARRIORS FOUND THEMSELVES ONCE AGAIN WHIRLED THROUGH SPACE AND INTO ANOTHER ROOM.

THIS IS MERGAN'S DEVILRY!
NOW I SHALL KILL!

HAVE NO FEAR! YOU CAN
ONLY HARM YOURSELVES
BY TRYING TO ATTACK US.
CALM YOURSELVES AND
HEAR US.

LET'S HEAR HIM OUT. I
WANT TO KNOW WHAT'S
GOING ON!

YOU ARE MANY YEARS
BEYOND YOUR OWN TIME.
OUR TECHNICAL
KNOWLEDGE ENABLES YOU
TO UNDERSTAND US — AND
EACH OTHER, SO
LANGUAGE IS NO BARRIER
NOW. YOU HAVE BEEN
BROUGHT HERE FOR A
REASON.

SPLAD!

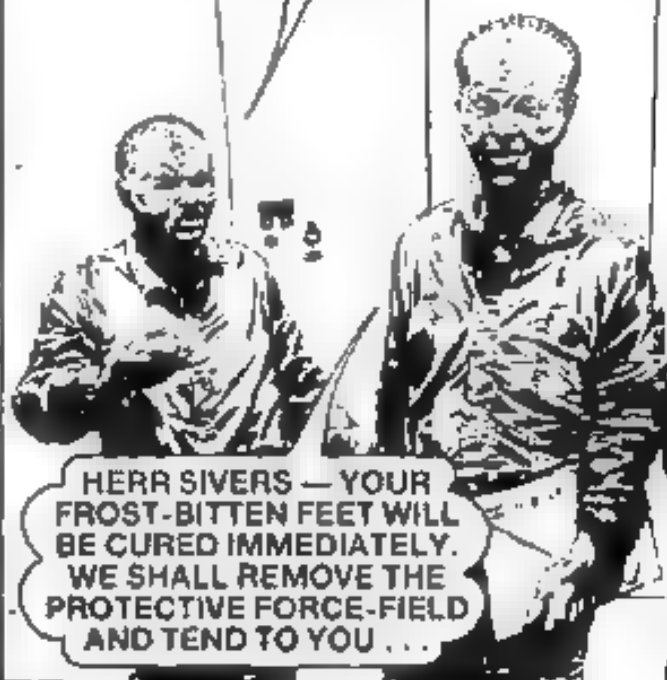
OUR BELOVED PLANET,
PAXOS, IS UNDER THREAT
FROM THE WARLIKE
PLANET KORVAN. WE ON
PAXOS HAVE NO
UNDERSTANDING OF
AGGRESSION OR WAR, SO
WE HAVE CALLED ON YOU
SIX WARRIORS TO FIGHT
FOR US...

THIS MUST BE A DREAM! A NIGHTMARE!
I THOUGHT BEING ALONE
AGAINST A BUNCH OF
IVANS BAD ENOUGH...

SIX OF US — AGAINST
ANOTHER PLANET? I
WAS BETTER OFF
FIGHTING NERO'S
GIANTS!



YOU WILL NOT BE FIGHTING AN
ENTIRE PLANET, GENTLEMEN.
THE CONTEST WILL BE IN AN
ARENA. YOU WILL BE FIGHTING
SIX KORVAN WARRIORS, CHOSEN
ACCORDING TO THE RULES OF
OUR GALAXY. THE WINNERS IN
THE ARENA SHALL BE DEEMED
THE VICTORS. WHOLE NATIONS
NEED NOT DIE TO SETTLE THE
DISPUTE.



HERR SIVERS — YOUR
FROST-BITTEN FEET WILL
BE CURED IMMEDIATELY.
WE SHALL REMOVE THE
PROTECTIVE FORCE-FIELD
AND TEND TO YOU...

THE FORCE-FIELD WAS DE-ACTIVATED.

TAKE HIM TO
THE SCANNER.



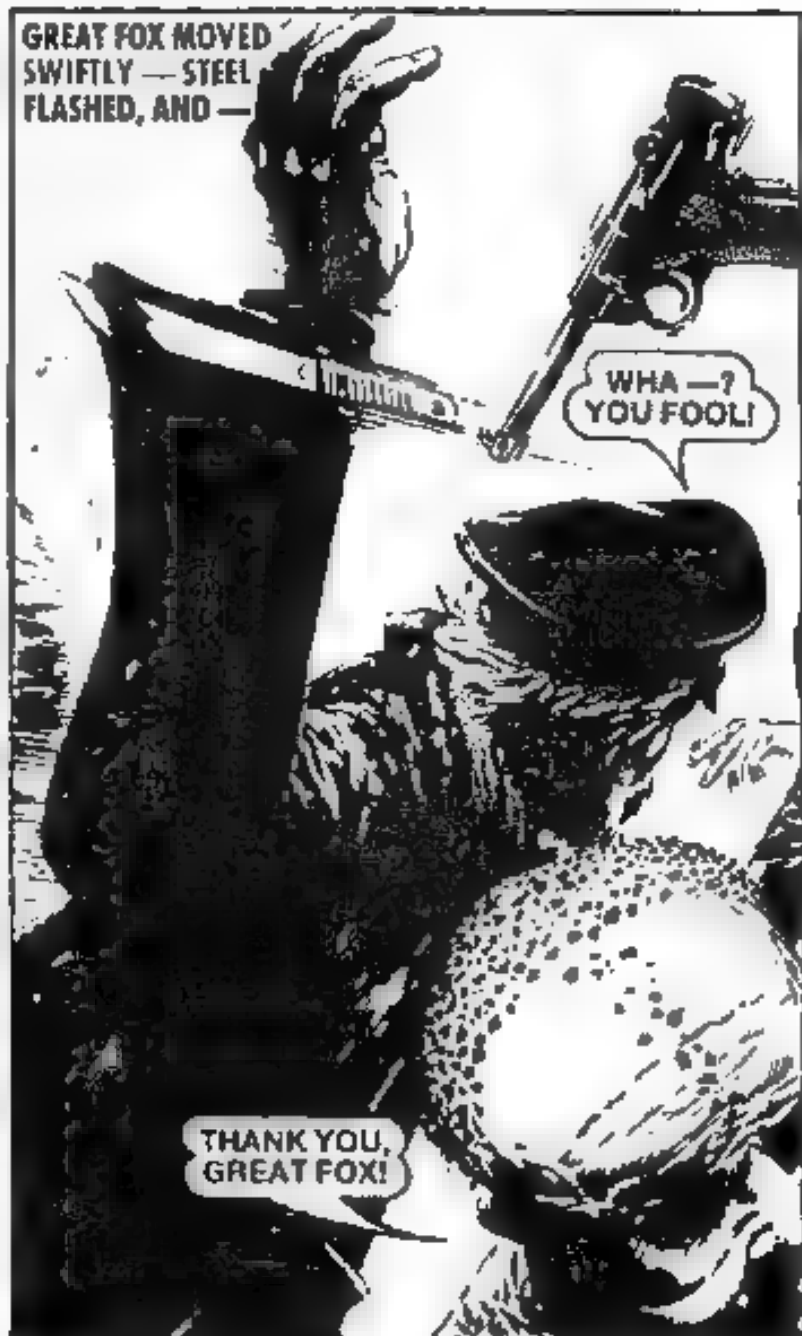
BUT —

YOU HEARD THEM! THE FORCE-FIELD IS OFF — AND THEY'RE NO FIGHTERS! WE CAN GET OUT OF HERE!



YOU ARE THE FOOL, PALE-FACE. I BELIEVE THEM. THEY MEAN US NO HARM. I CAN SEE AND HEAR THE HONESTY. THEIR EYES AND VOICES HAVE TRUTH IN THEM. I HAVE HAD MUCH EXPERIENCE OF LIES FROM THE WHITE MAN'S HEART.

GREAT FOX MOVED SWIFTLY — STEEL FLASHED, AND —



WHA —? YOU FOOL!

THANK YOU, GREAT FOX!



I AGREE — LET'S GO ALONG WITH THIS — FOR A WHILE . . .

THE OTHERS WATCHED AS VON SIVERS WAS PLACED INSIDE THE GLEAMING CYLINDER.

WE SHALL CURE THE FROST-BITE WHETHER OR NOT YOU AGREE TO FIGHT FOR OUR PLANET.

YOU — YOU MEAN WE HAVE A CHOICE?

OF COURSE! WE HAVE NO WAY OF FORCING YOU TO FIGHT FOR US. THE ALTERNATIVE WILL BE THAT WE RETURN YOU TO THE MOMENT IN YOUR HISTORY AT WHICH YOU WERE BROUGHT HERE.

FROM MY OWN EXPERIENCE, I'D SAY WE WERE ALL BROUGHT HERE AT A MOMENT OF DEATH.

I WAS ALIVE... I THINK!

AND I SHOULD CERTAINLY HAVE BEATEN MERGAN!

HIMMEL! THIS IS INCREDIBLE! NO FROST-BITE! WHAT COULDN'T WE HAVE ACHIEVED WITH SUCH TECHNOLOGY!

FROM THE SOUND OF IT WE DIDN'T TRIM YOUR CLAWS VERY WELL, JERRY...



NO... AND WE SHALL
DEFEAT YOU THIS TIME.

YOU ARE NOT HERE TO
FIGHT EACH OTHER!
HISTORY HAS LONG
AGO DECIDED YOUR
PROBLEM. NOW WE
MUST FACE OURS!

I WAS SURELY DEAD IN MY OWN TIME! MY
DECISION IS NOT A DIFFICULT ONE. I
CHOOSE TO FIGHT FOR THESE PEOPLE. IF
I DIE, THEN SO BE IT.

AND I'D SOONER DIE ON
TWO GOOD FEET...
WHAT ABOUT YOU AND
CAMERON, GRANT? I
FIND THIS JUGGLING
WITH TIME CONFUSING.

I'M NO EINSTEIN
EITHER, SIVERS.
BUT SOMETHING
TELLS ME THAT
SOME OF US MUST
WIN OUT IN THE
END WHATEVER
HAPPENS!

I WAS JUST THINKING
THE SAME THING.
COUNT ME IN!



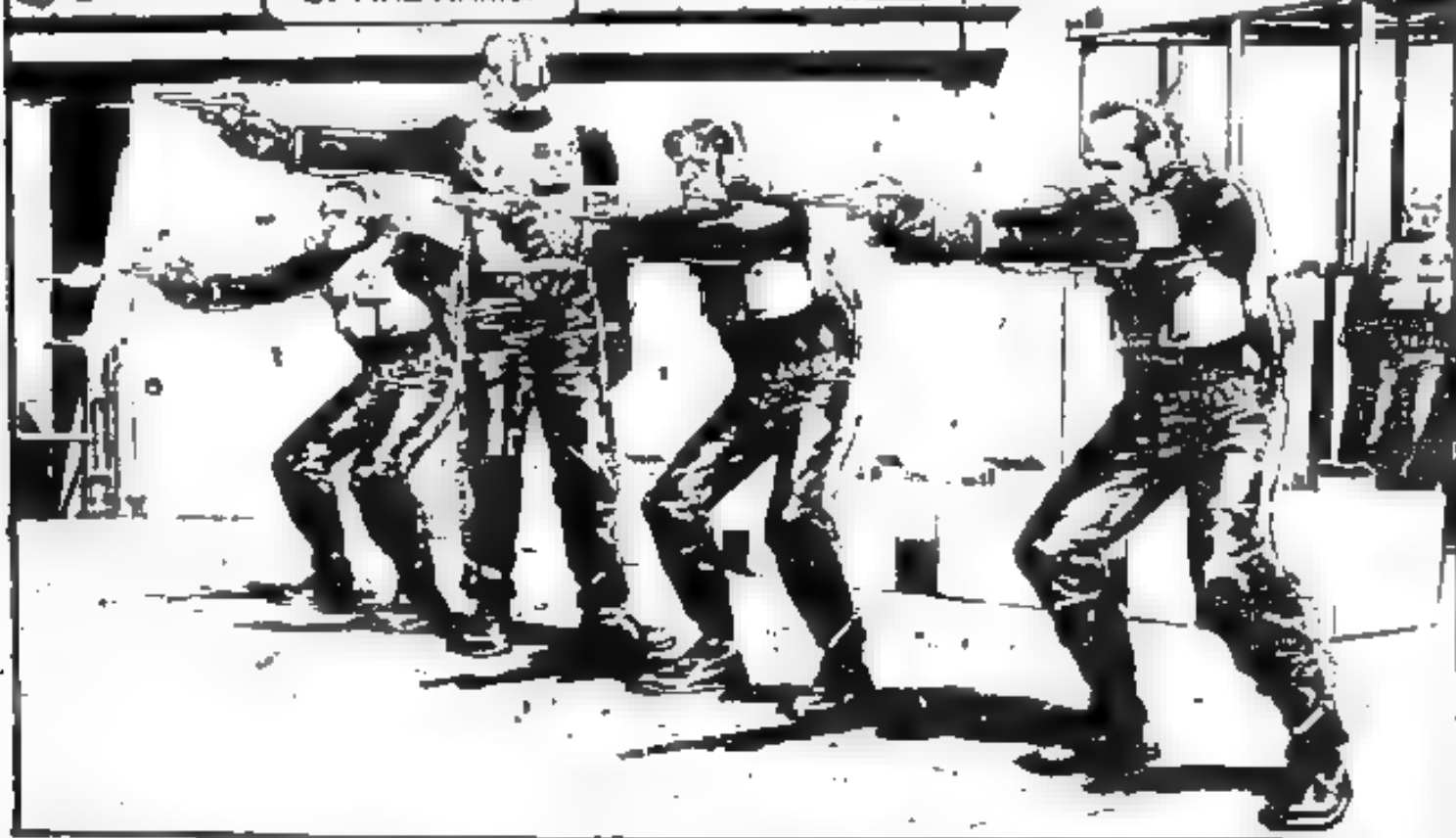
WILL YOU HELP US? IT MUST BE
YOUR DECISION, GENTLEMEN.

IS OUR SCOTTS FRIEND
RIGHT? IS THE
ALTERNATIVE DEATH IN
OUR OWN TIMES?

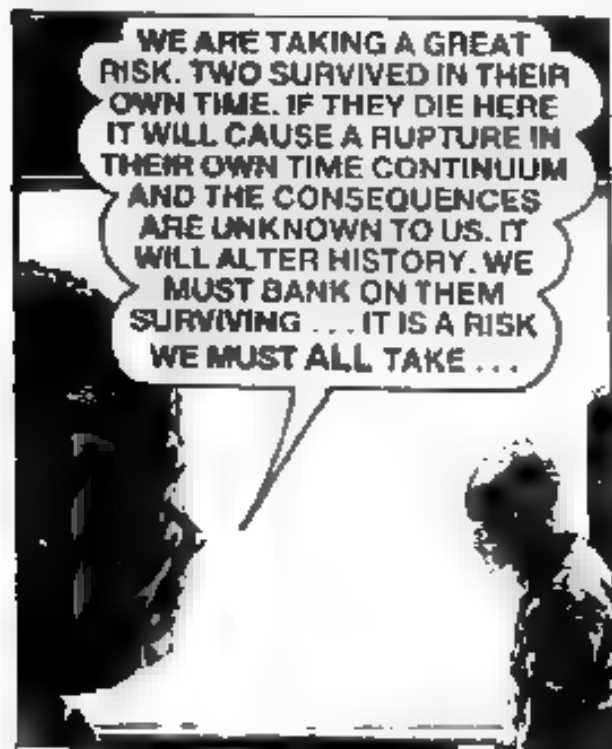
THAT WE CANNOT TELL
YOU — FOR THAT
WOULD BE GIVING
KNOWLEDGE OF THE
FUTURE — BUT TWO OF
YOU DID SURVIVE.

A SHORT PERIOD OF TRAINING
BEGAN. ADVANCED WEAPONS OF
WAR WERE BROUGHT IN BY THE
PAXOS AUTHORITIES...

THE ROMAN AND THE HUN CANNOT ADJUST TO
THE GAP IN TECHNOLOGY. THE RED INDIAN
MIGHT MANAGE — HE HAS SOME EXPERIENCE
OF FIRE-ARMS.



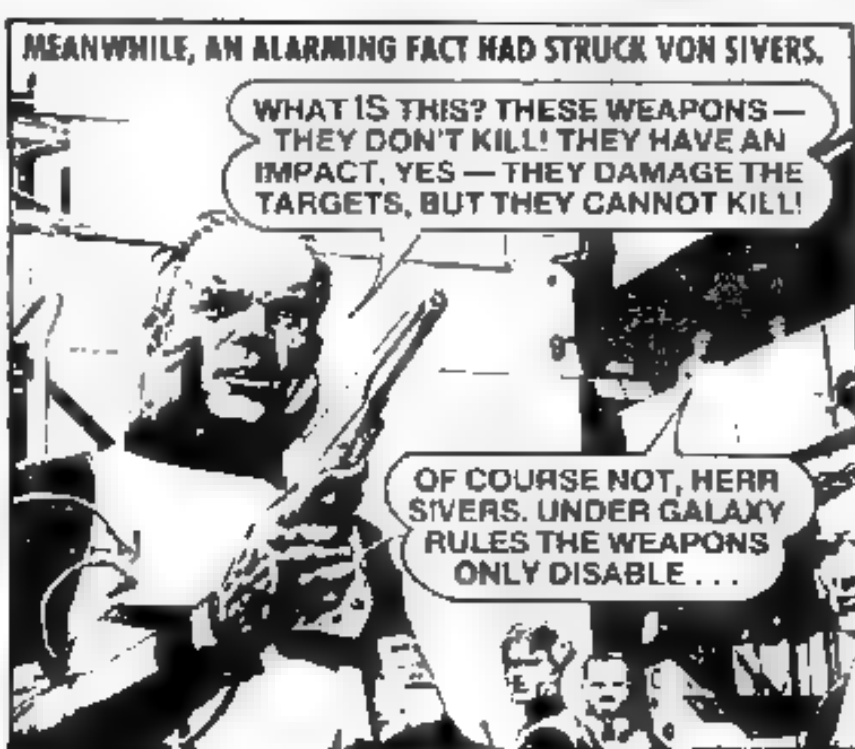
WE ARE TAKING A GREAT
RISK. TWO SURVIVED IN THEIR
OWN TIME. IF THEY DIE HERE
IT WILL CAUSE A RUPTURE IN
THEIR OWN TIME CONTINUUM
AND THE CONSEQUENCES
ARE UNKNOWN TO US. IT
WILL ALTER HISTORY. WE
MUST BANK ON THEM
SURVIVING... IT IS A RISK
WE MUST ALL TAKE...

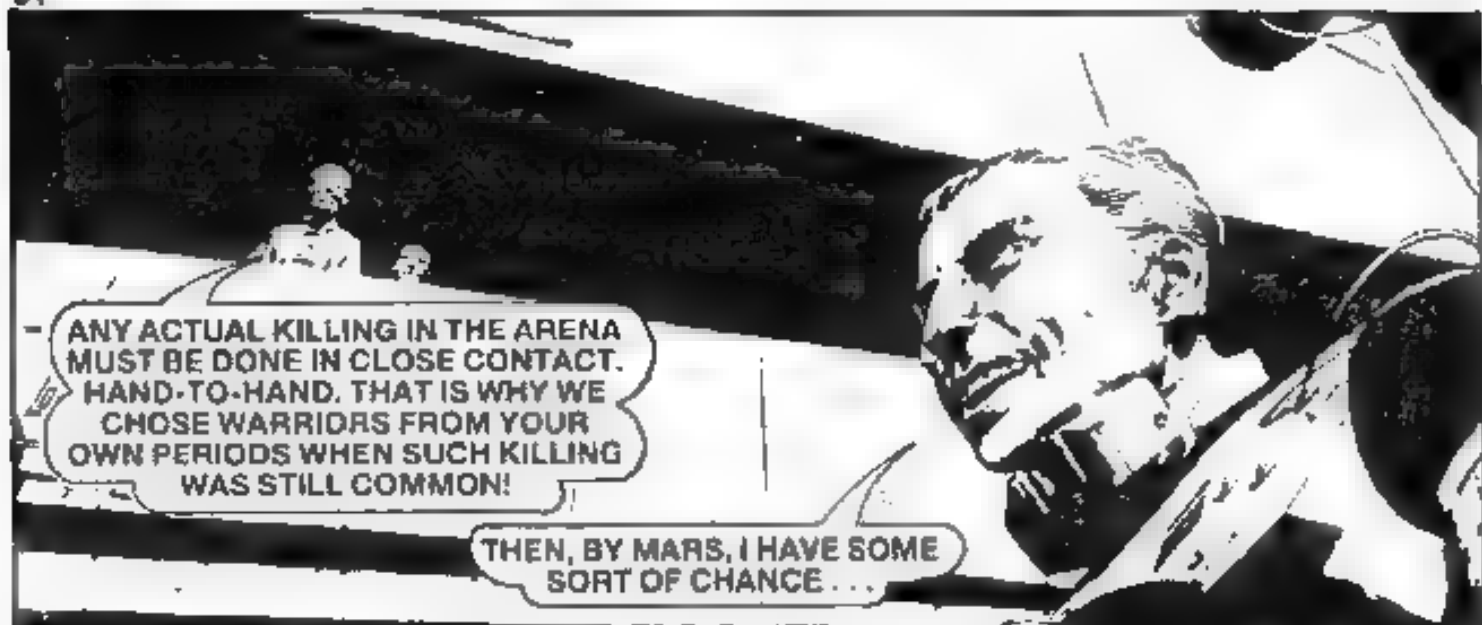


MEANWHILE, AN ALARMING FACT HAD STRUCK VON SIVERS.

WHAT IS THIS? THESE WEAPONS —
THEY DON'T KILL! THEY HAVE AN
IMPACT, YES — THEY DAMAGE THE
TARGETS, BUT THEY CANNOT KILL!

OF COURSE NOT, HERR
SIVERS. UNDER GALAXY
RULES THE WEAPONS
ONLY DISABLE...





THE KORVAN WATCHED —

SO THE RUMOURS WERE RIGHT, DARM. THEY'VE PLUNDERED EARTH'S PAST FOR THEIR FIGHTERS. THAT ONE WITH THE METAL BREAST-PLATE SHOULD BE EASY MEAT FOR YOU ...

TRUE, VALG. THAT METAL SHOULD HOLD THE CHARGE FROM THIS WHIP WELL ... IT'LL MORE THAN DOUBLE THE EFFECT ON HIM ...

GORLA THE HUN WAS THE FIRST TO ENTER THE ARENA ...

THEIR CHAMPIONS ARE PRIMITIVES. THEY WILL BE UNUSED TO THE ADVANCED DISABLING WEAPONS, AND ALREADY UNBALANCED BY THE STRANGE ENVIRONMENT.

PAXOS IS ALREADY OURS — WHATEVER WE DO! WE CAN RELAX AND ENJOY THE BLOOD-SHED ...

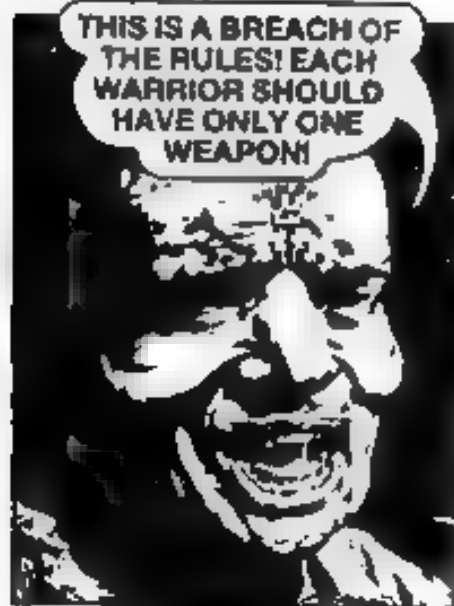
GORLA MADE A VALIANT ATTEMPT TO USE THE STRANGE
WEAPON III HAD TRAINED WITH ...



I'LL LET YOU PLAY WITH
YOUR NEW TOY
AWHILE, EARTHLING ...

IT — IT
DOES NOTHING!

THIS IS A BREACH OF
THE RULES! EACH
WARRIOR SHOULD
HAVE ONLY ONE
WEAPON!



THE KORVAN WARRIOR TOUCHED ANOTHER
BUTTON ON HIS WEAPON, AND —



IT IS ONE WEAPON,
SALENI! BUT WITH A
NUMBER OF DIFFERENT
USES ...





GORLA TRIED ANOTHER BLAST FROM HIS WEAPON, BUT —





GORLA, IMPATIENT WITH THE USELESS WEAPON, THREW IT! THE KORVAN WAS TAKEN COMPLETELY UNAWARES BY THE UNORTHODOX ACTION.

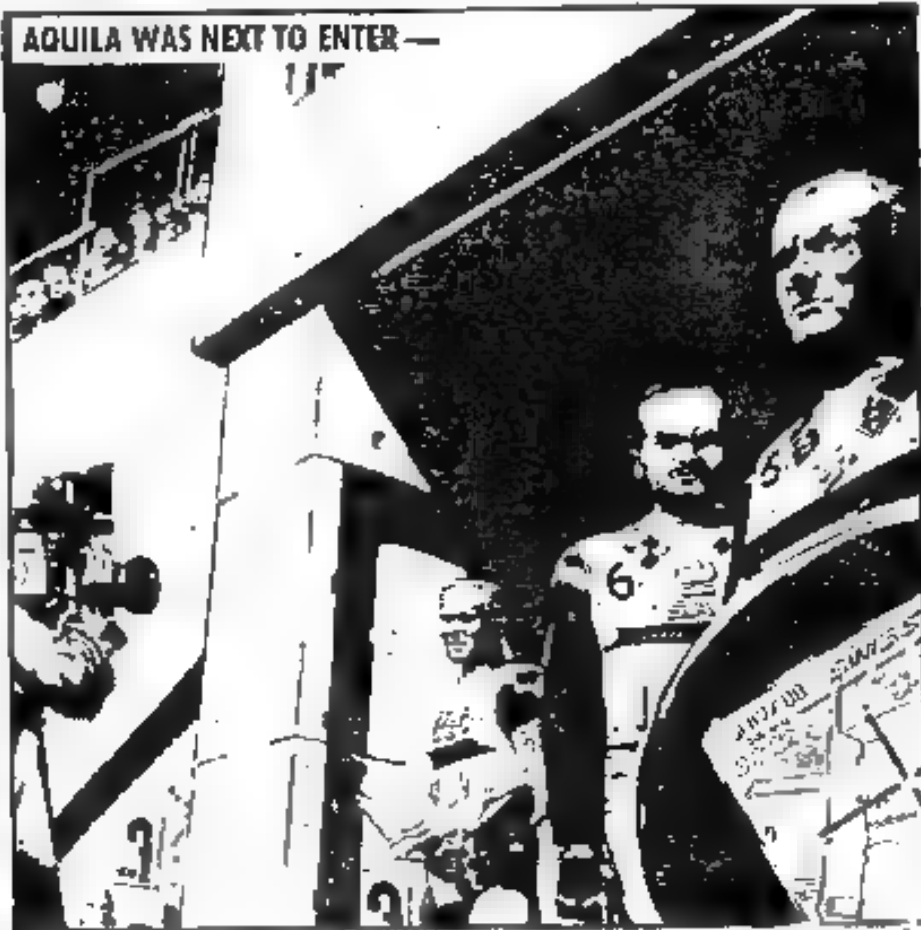


NOW, DOG! WE'LL DO THINGS MY WAY!

BUT, AS HE WENT DOWN, THE KORVAN FIRED ANOTHER OF THE STRANGE GLOBULES.



WHA—? EEEARGH!



A WHIP! I KNOW ALL ABOUT WHIPS ... I CAN FACE ONE OF THEM WITH NO WORRY ... IN FACT THEY CAN WORK AGAINST THE USER ...



WHAT THE BLAZES IS HE DOING? HE'S THROWING ASIDE HIS WEAPON!

I SHAN'T NEED THIS THING. ALL I WANT IS A GOOD GRIP ON THAT WHIP ... I'LL PULL HIM STRAIGHT INTO MY ARMS!



BUT —

AND THAT WAS ONLY A
SMALL CHARGE, YOU
BARBARIC FOOL!

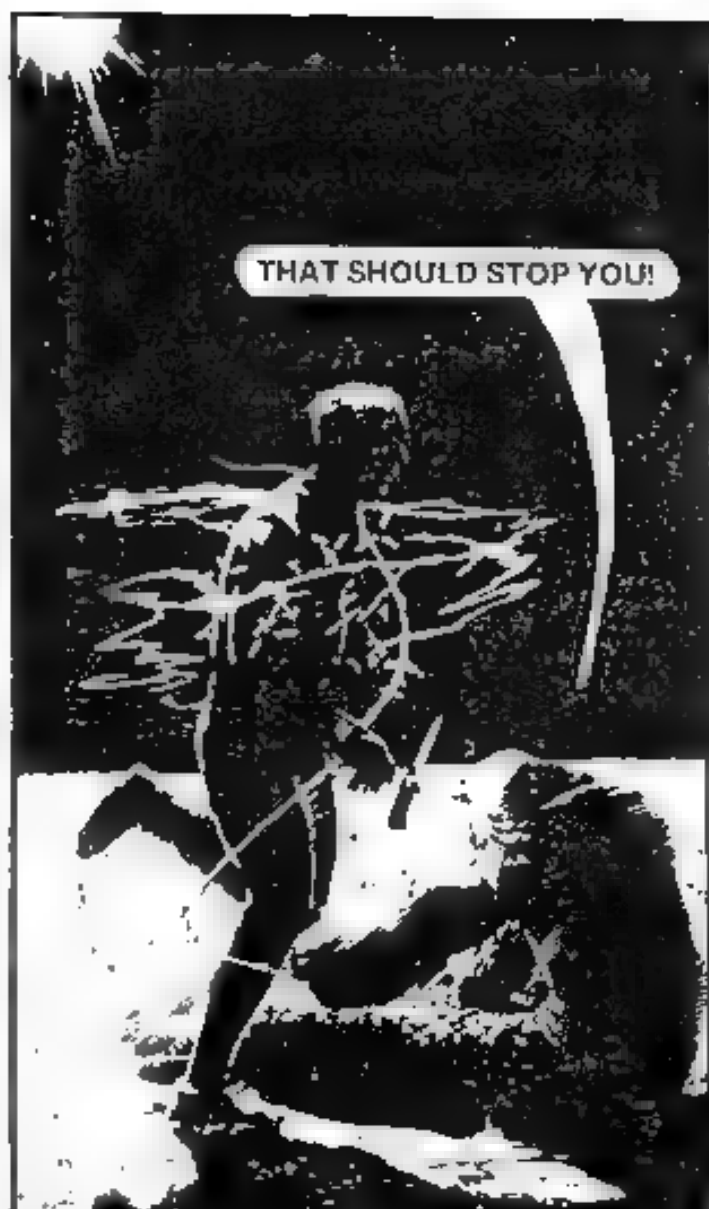


BUT THE ROMAN SPUN ROUND TO KICK THE KORVAN —



THAT ARMOUR OF YOURS
ONLY MADE IT WORSE,
ROMAN. NOW I'LL END
YOUR MISERY ...





AS THE KORVAN DROVE HOME THE BLADE—

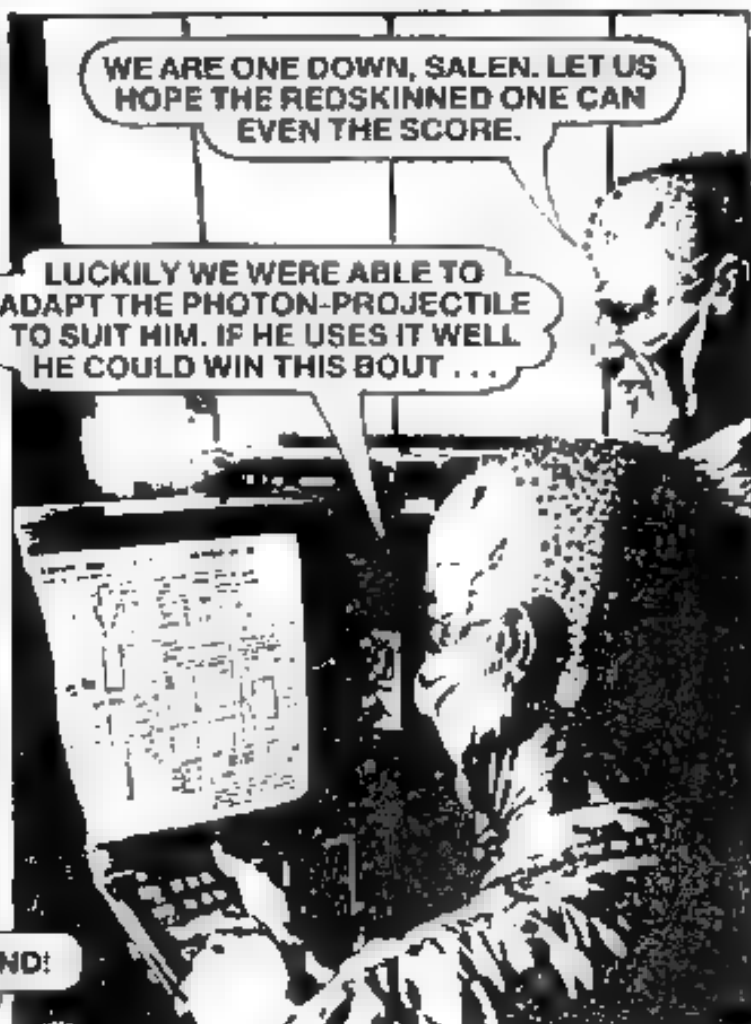
EEEEAAARGH! C-CAN'T MOVE! THE
THE BREAST-PLATE STILL HOLDS
THE CHARGE! C-CRUSHING
MEEEEEE ...

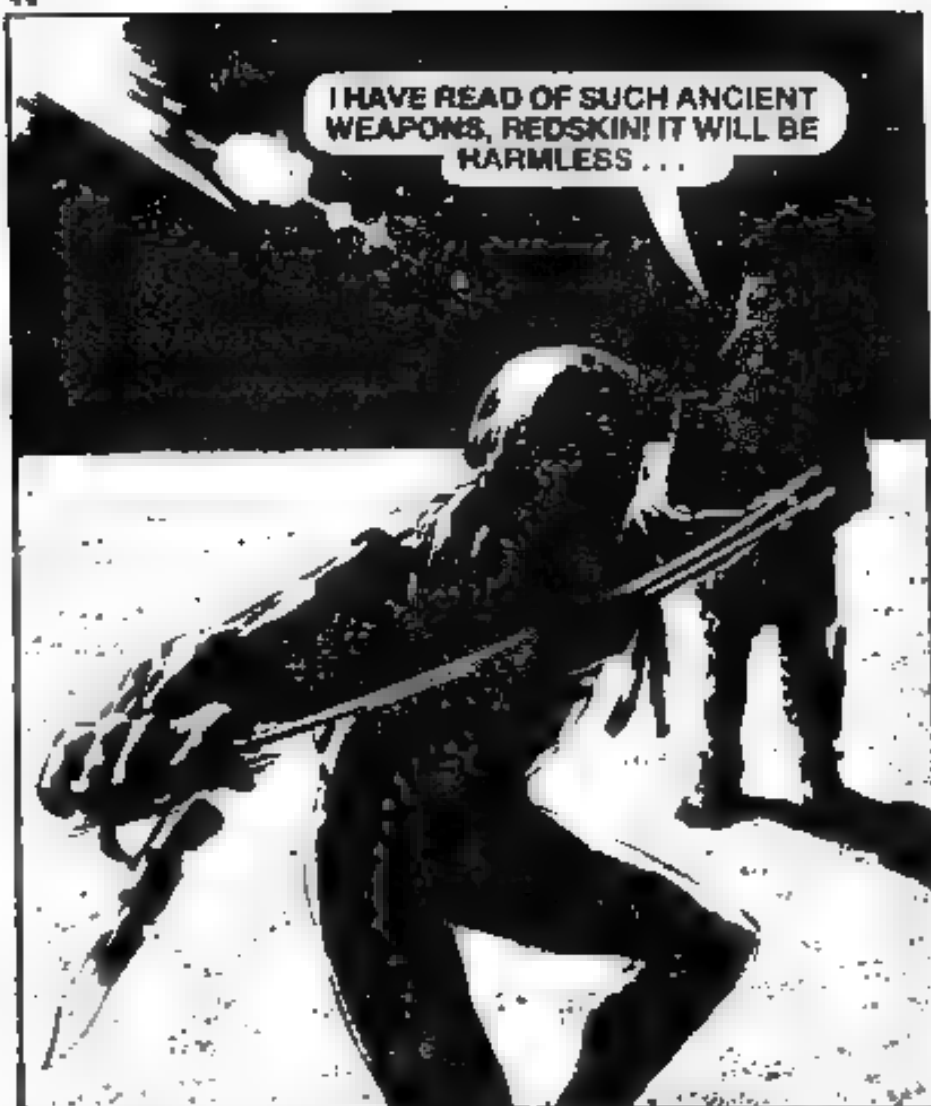


AND HE TOOK YOUR MAN WITH HIM, ELESAND!
THAT ONE WAS A DRAW, I BELIEVE ...

WE ARE ONE DOWN, SALEN. LET US
HOPE THE REDSKINNED ONE CAN
EVEN THE SCORE.

LUCKILY WE WERE ABLE TO
ADAPT THE PHOTON-PROJECTILE
TO SUIT HIM. IF HE USES IT WELL
HE COULD WIN THIS BOUT ...





KNOWING HE WAS AT A DISADVANTAGE, THE KORVAN FIRED BLINDLY, AND THE DEWILDERED GREAT FOX DRIFTED IN THE AIR.



YOU ARE HELPLESS, REDSKIN!
NOW YOU FACE YOUR DEATH!



I THINK I CAN USE THIS
SITUATION TO MY ADVANTAGE.



GREAT FOX LASHED OUT—



THE KORVAN'S ANTI-GRAVITY DEVICE SWITCHED OFF—

NOW!
MY KNIFE —

BUT AS GREAT FOX REACHED FOR HIS KNIFE
THE KORVAN THREW HIS—

NOOOO!

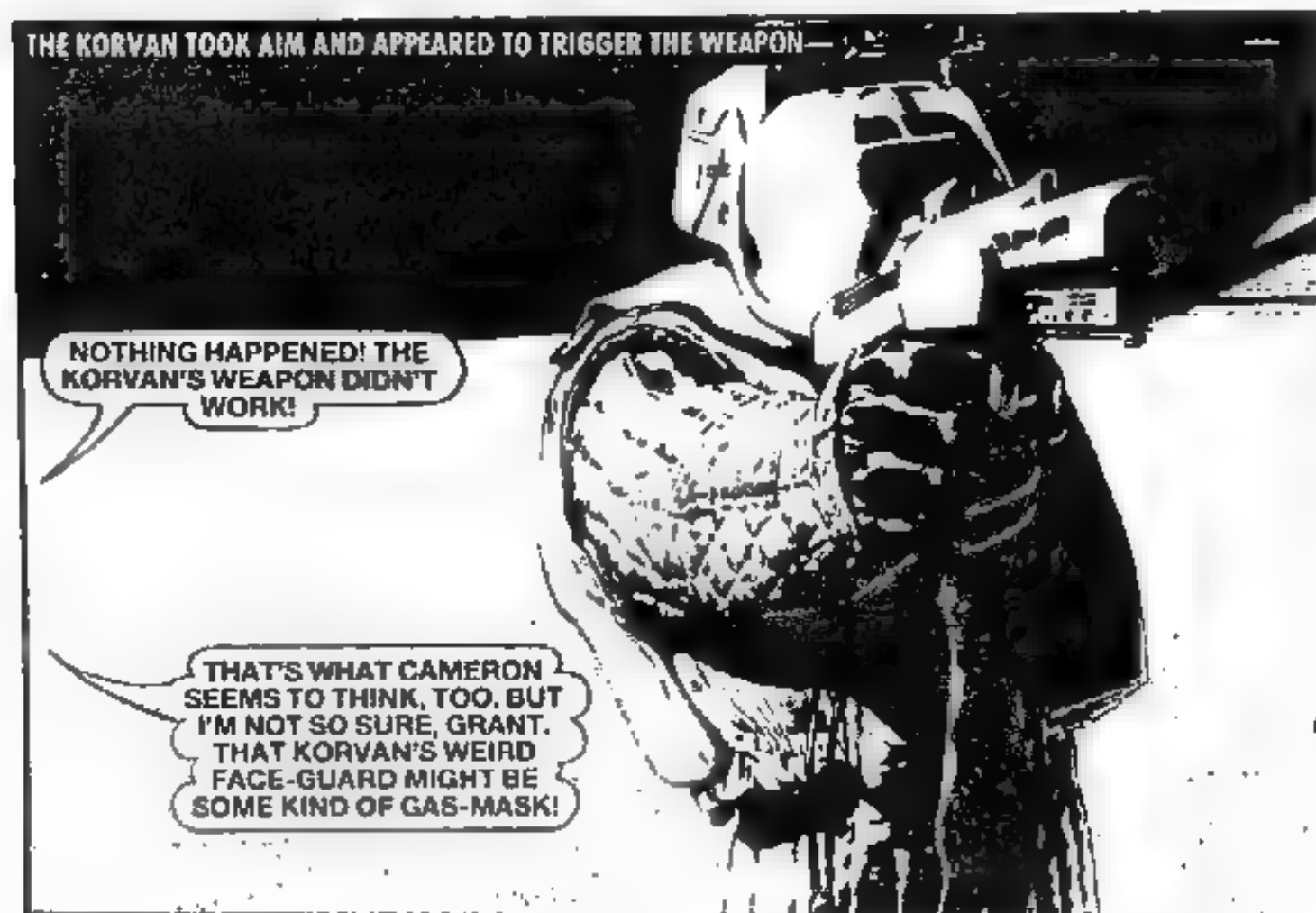
THEY'VE WON TWO OF THE
THREE CONTESTS. THAT
MEANS WE ALL HAVE TO
WIN!

WELL, TWO OF US SURVIVED IN
OUR OWN TIME ... PERHAPS I
WAS ONE.





THE KORVAN TOOK AIM AND APPEARED TO TRIGGER THE WEAPON—



CAMERON DIDN'T KNOW IT, BUT SIVERS WAS RIGHT! STRANGE IDEAS BEGAN TO DRIFT THROUGH CAMERON'S HEAD ...



IT'S NOT THAT HIS POP-GUN DIDN'T WORK — HE DOESN'T WANT TO KILL ME ... HE'S QUITE A DECENT CHAP ... MAYBE HE KNOWS HE CAN'T KILL ME ... HE'S ACTUALLY SMILING AT ME. WE DON'T NEED TO TRY KILLING EACH OTHER. I WON'T NEED THIS THING AFTER ALL ...



YOU'RE RIGHT, SIVERS! THAT'S SOME KIND OF PACIFYING GAS HE'S USED. CAMERON'S WIDE OPEN!



THE SHARP, BRUTAL GERMAN
ACCENT GOT STRAIGHT
THROUGH TO ALEC CAMERON

JERRIES! GAS! THIS — THIS IS SOME
FILTHY HUN TRICK! AND
'ENGLANDER' INDEED! I'LL SHOW
THEM THEY'RE DEALING WITH A
SCOT!





CAMERON'S HEAD CLEARED AS HE REJOINED GRANT AND SIVERS.

SEEMS THEY WERE PLAYING TRICKS WITH MY HEAD OUT THERE. BUT YOU GOT THROUGH TO ME, SIVERS. I'M IN YOUR DEBT. NEVER THOUGHT I'D EVER SAY 'THANK YOU' TO A JERRY.

FORGET IT, KAMERAD! MAYBE YOU'LL CHEER FOR ME THIS TIME.

AS SIVERS WAS ABOUT TO FACE HIS OPPONENT—

THAT LOOKS LIKE A SABRE! DO ME A FAVOUR, GRANT— SWITCH WITH ME.

A SMALL FAVOUR, GRANT. AND WE ARE IN HIS DEBT!

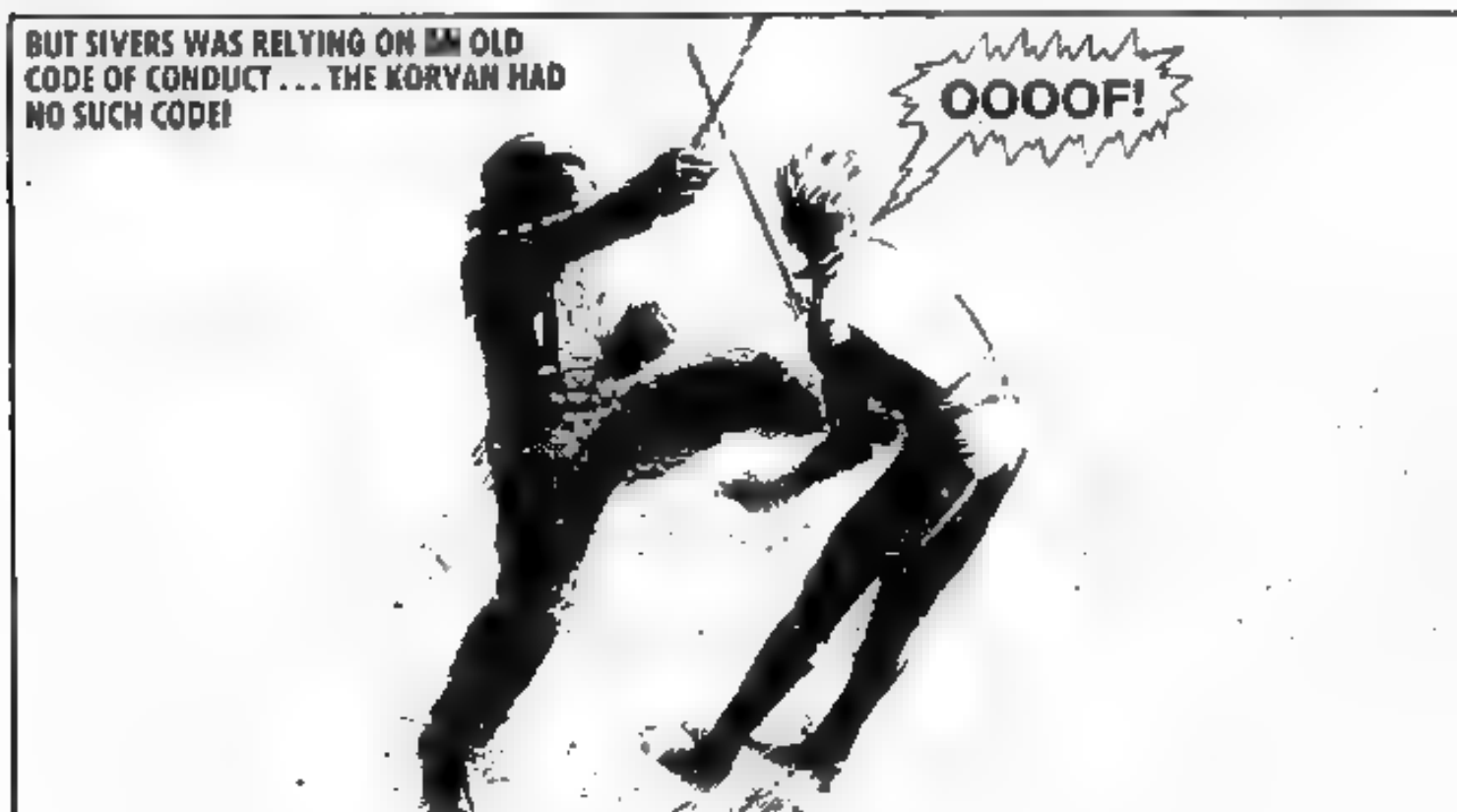
I WAS SABRE-CHAMPION AT UNIVERSITY. I'VE NO IDEA WHAT THESE THINGS DO, BUT THEY'RE CLEARLY MEANT TO BE USED AS A SABRE!



SIVERS HANDLED THE SWORD-LIKE WEAPON LIKE A MASTER!



BUT SIVERS WAS RELYING ON  OLD CODE OF CONDUCT ... THE KORYAN HAD NO SUCH CODE!



THE KORVAN FOLLOWED WITH A SLASH
AT SIVERS' THIGH—

AH . . . SO YOU DO NOT
FOLLOW THE DUELLING
CODE.

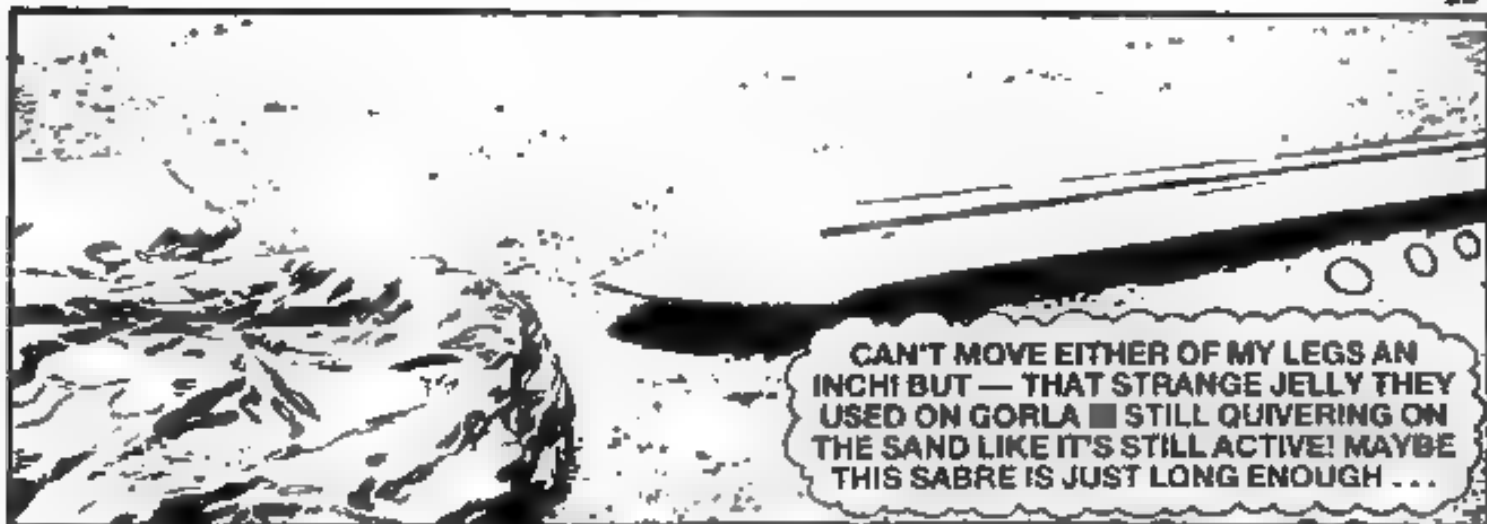
SIVERS' LEG WAS NUMB, BUT HIS INSTINCTS SAVED
HIM FROM THE FOLLOW-UP . . .

HIMMEL! THAT WOULD
HAVE ADDLED MY BRAIN!

SIVERS TRIED TO USE HIS RIGHT
LEG AGAIN, BUT—

AIEEEE!

NOW, MY LEGLESS
EARTH-WARRIOR—



SIVERS REACHED OUT, THE TIP OF HIS SABRE-LIKE WEAPON DUG BENEATH THE SUBSTANCE AND—



THE JELLY WAS STILL ACTIVE, AND TRAPPED THE KORVAN'S HANDS—

NO! NOOOO!

AND NOW THE TABLES TURN,
MY FRIEND! I DON'T NEED MY
LEGS FOR THIS ...

SIVERS' DAGGER FOUND
ITS TARGET—

ARRGH!

THE FINAL BOUT, ELESAND. IF THE
EARTHMAN SHOULD WIN ...

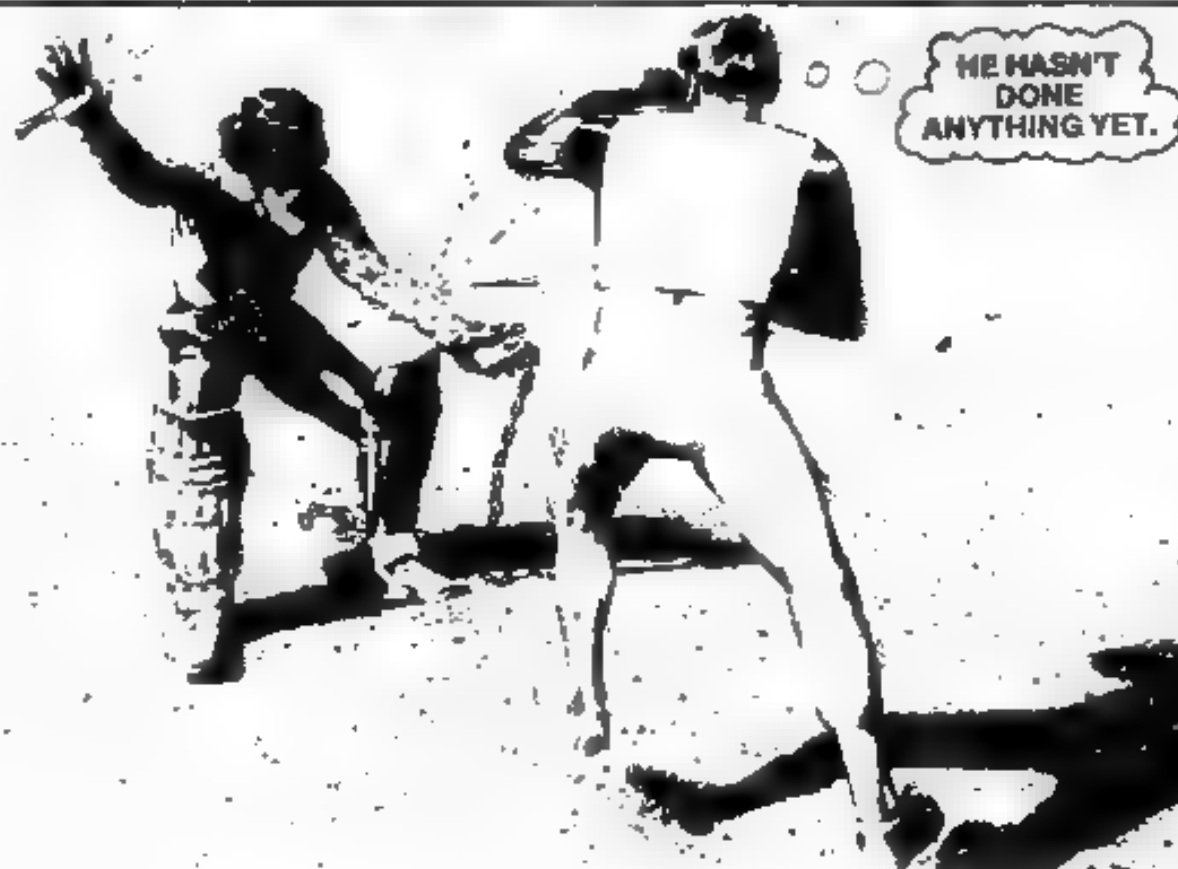
WE SHALL NOT LOSE,
BROTHER. WE HAVE THE
EMERGENCY PLAN SHOULD
OUR SIDE LOSE. RELAX —
PAXOS IS OURS WHATEVER
HAPPENS ...

GRANT MUST WIN, SALEN.

I KNOW THAT ONLY TOO WELL, FARRION. AND THIS GRANT DID NOT TRAIN WITH THAT WEAPON HE HOLDS. HE EXCHANGED HIS OWN WITH THE GERMAN SIVERS! HE IS AT A DISADVANTAGE ...

GRANT WAS AWARE OF THE DISADVANTAGE—

THIS THING'S AS GOOD AS USELESS AGAINST THAT SPECIAL ARMOUR HE'S WEARING!



HE HASN'T DONE ANYTHING YET.



**SUDDENLY, THE KORVAN
SWUNG THE CHAIN.**



GET IN REAL CLOSE —
THAT'S THE ANSWER!

OOOF!

AS THE KORVAN FELL HEAVILY—

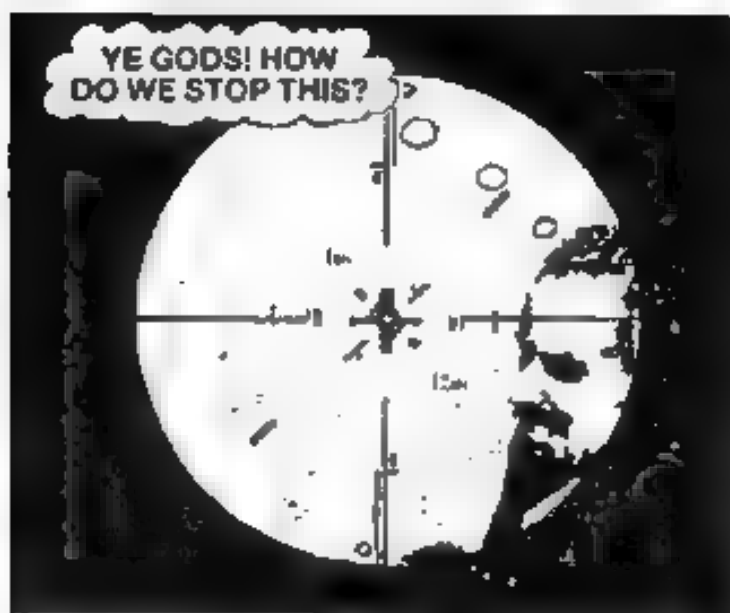
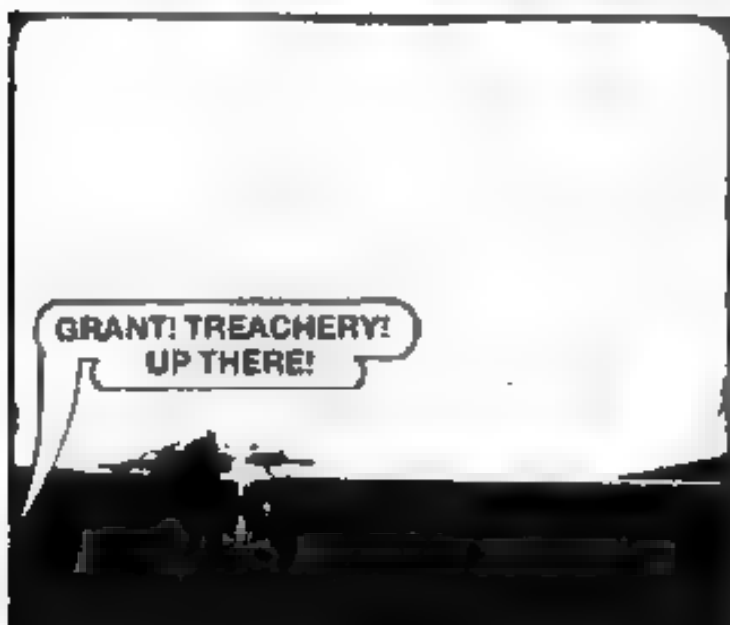
ARRGH!

THAT OUGHT TO GET THIS
BLASTED CHAIN OFF ME!

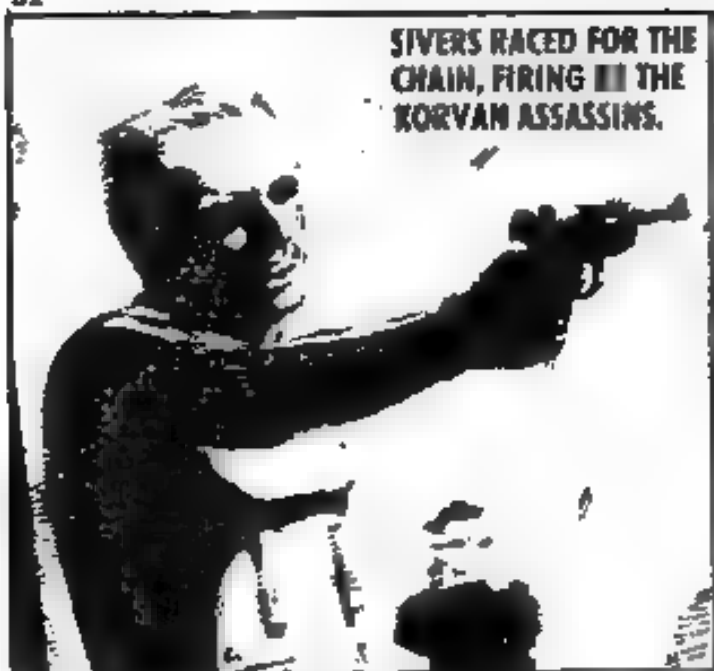
GRANT FREED HIMSELF  THE CHAIN—

MUST GET FREE!





SIVERS RACED FOR THE
CHAIN, FIRING ■ THE
KORVAN ASSASSINS.



HE WAS DEADLY ACCURATE —



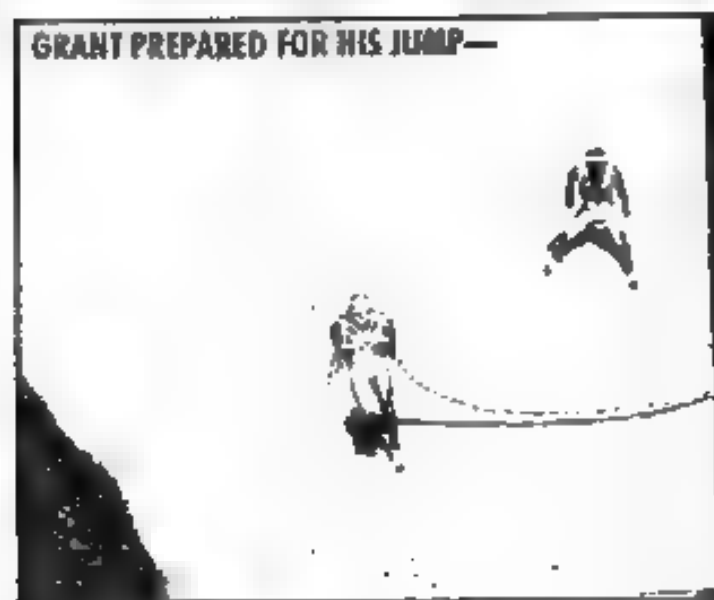
QUICK! KILL THE TERRANS ... OR
OUR PLAN WILL FAIL.



GET THAT
CHAIN IN
PLACE!



GRANT PREPARED FOR HIS JUMP—





THE CHAIN PROPELLED GRANT HIGH IN THE AIR —



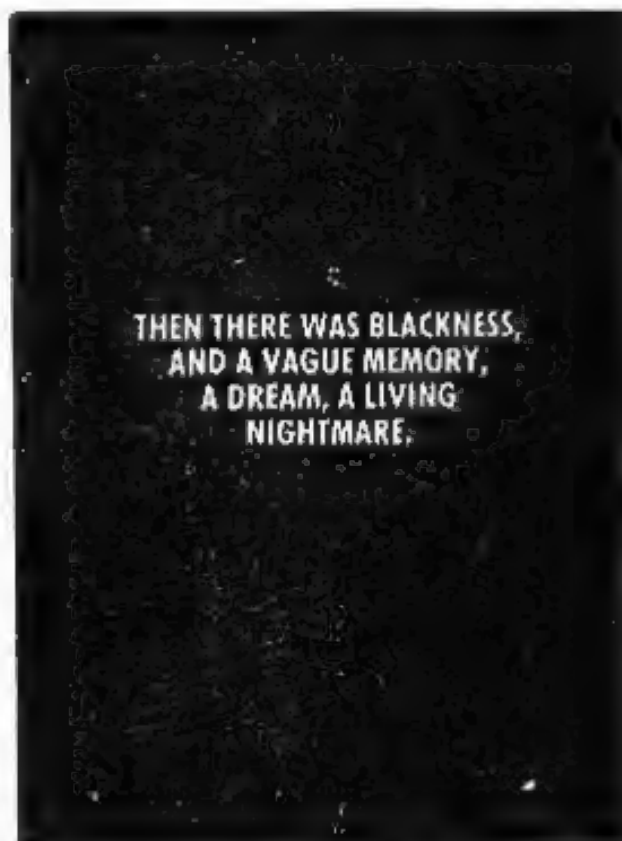
GRANT'S KNIFE STRUCK HOME —





SOMETIME LATER —





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TIME WARRIORS

They were fighting
men from the past,
transported
thousands of years
into the future, and
put in a life or
death situation
with a technology
beyond their
understanding.

